

+

C.133. dcl. 7.

T H E
LIFE *and* CHARACTER
O F
M O L L K I N G,
Late Mistress of KING's Coffee-
House in *Covent-Garden,*

Who departed this Life at her Country-House
at *Hampstead*, on *Thursday* the 17th of *September*, 1747.

CONTAINING

A true NARRATIVE of this well-known
Lady, from her Birth to her Death; wherein is
inserted several humorous Adventures relating to
Persons of both Sexes, who were fond of nocturnal
Revels.

A L S O

The FLASH DIALOGUE between *Moll King*
and Old Gentleman *Harry*, that was some Years
ago murdered in *Covent-Garden*; and the Pictures of
several noted *Family Men*, drawn to the Life.

To the Whole is added,

An EPITAPH and ELEGY, wrote
by one of *MOLL*'s favourite Customers.

And a KEY to the *Flash Dialogue*.

L O N D O N.

Printed for W. PRICE, near the *Sessions-House* in the
Old Bailey. Price Three-pence.

THE NEW YORKER

MO. I. V. G.



THE NEW YORKER

THE NEW YORKER

THE NEW YORKER

THE NEW YORKER

THE NEW YORKER

THE NEW YORKER



T H E
L I F E, &c.
 O F
M O L L K I N G.



HERE is no need of making any Apology for sending this little Tract into the World, since the Person who is the Subject of it was so universally known, especially to both the Sexes who were fond of nightly Recreations.

We shall begin with *Moll's* Birth, which was in the Year 1696, in a Garret in *Vine-street*, in the Parish of *St. Giles in the Fields*, in *Middlesex*, where her Father followed the Busi-

ness of a *Shoemaker*, as a Chamber-Master, and her Mother sold Fruit, Fish, and Greens about Streets, so that *Moll's* Education was not more polite, than that of the Nymphs of either *Billingsgate* or *Covent-Garden Market*. She was, when very young, obliged to get her Bread in the Streets with her Mother; for *Crispin*, her Father, never regarded what became either of the Mother or Daughter, they were left to shift for themselves, whilst he jovially spent his Money amongst his boon-Companions.

The Girl being tolerably handsome, and very sprightly, one Mrs. *Atwood*, then of *Charles-Court* in the *Strand*, took her as a Servant, where she continued but a short Time, for being much us'd to the Streets, she could not brook Confinement within Doors; and so leaving this Service, she betook herself to her old Calling of selling Fruit in a Barrow about Streets, without imbibing all those Vices which are but too soon learnt by these Sort of People.

Amongst the Market People, she was generally belov'd for her Industry and Good-Nature, and had several Sweethearts before she was 14 Years old; but no amorous Addresses could move her, till one *Thomas King*, a young Fellow of her own Calling, courted her Love and Affections, which he in a short Space of Time gained, and they agreed to be married.

Having



Having rais'd a little Money to defray the Expence of their Wedding, they came to the *Fleet*, and were tack'd together by one of the *Couple-Beggars*, who stroll in that Part of the Town in great Numbers to ruin young People ; But *Moll's* Fate proved very happy, and she and her new Husband (who at that Time amongst the Market People went by the Name of *Smooth'd-Fac'd-Tom*) liv'd comfortably for some Years together, till she was drawn away by a young Gentleman nam'd *Murray*, who is now in a very high Station in one of the Publick Offices. Not only the Gentleman here hinted at, but likewise several others, as 'tis said, shar'd her Favours, and she began to be of some Consequence amongst the gayest Ladies of the Town ; for tho' as we before observed, she was not so happy as to have a liberal Education, she had very good natural Sense, with flighty Turns of Wit, and remarkably sober at that Time of Day ; and whilst she saw the Town Ladies get dead drunk with their Sparks, she took care to keep herself cool, that she might make her Property of both the Gentlemen and their Misses.

The first Acquaintance of any Note that she made was one *Nanny Cotton*, a great Companion of the famous *Sally Salisbury*, who was very kind to her, and lent her a Sum of Money. During her Absence from her Husband, which

which was not a long Time, he became almost distracted, and courted her to return Home at any rate, which she as obstinately refus'd for some Time; but by the Persuasions of her Friends, and *Tom's* kind Entreaties, she was prevailed on to cohabit with her Husband; and notwithstanding this Elopement, she always declared that she tenderly lov'd him; and would never have left him one Hour, had not she been well assured that he kept Company with a lewd Woman, who once severely beat her.

Indeed it must be confessed, that *Moll* was never a common or reputed Pick-pocket; and if she herself was to be credited, she never was liberal of her Favours to any Person but *Tom King* her Husband, and Mr. *Huff*, whom she married after his Decease.—It will be more easy for the candid Reader to judge of the Truth of this, than for me to determine.

When this fair Damsel had compromis'd all Matters in Dispute with her Husband, she thought appearing again in the Streets would be much beneath her Dignity; and therefore determined to take a Stall in *Covent-Garden Market*, which she promised herself would be the first Step to her Preferment, as indeed, it luckily happened. *Tom King*, at that time, and during her Absence, had been Waiter at a Bawdy-House in *Covent-Garden*, and fav'd

a little Money in that *honest* and *genteel* *Cal-*
ling.

Moll had exceeding good Success in her new Business, and in one Season clear'd upwards of 60 *l.* by selling small Nuts only ; she having bought up, very cheap, a large Quantity at a Time, when soon after the Price rose surprizingly, of which she took the Advantage, and made a fine Market.

Her aspiring Genius, was, by the good Success at her Stall, raised somewhat higher, so she had Thoughts of taking a little House, or rather Hovel, in *Covent-Garden* Market, to sell Coffee, Tea, &c. and this she communicated to her Spouse, who very readily fell in with her Notion, and the House was taken accordingly, at the small Rent of 12 *l.* *per Annum*.

In this House they first set out with making Coffee at a Penny a Dish for the Market People, and Tea and Chocolate in Proportion ; and in a short Time their Business increas'd so greatly, that they were obliged to take another House adjoining, and afterwards a third, notwithstanding which they had scarcely Room to accommodate their Customers.

As their Business at first consisted chiefly of such Persons as came on Business to the Market, they were obliged to rise at One or Two o'Clock in the Morning, especially on Market Days,

Days, and all the Fruit Season ; and as that Part of the Town is remarkable for the Rendezvous of young Rakes, and their pretty Misses, so they thought this a very proper Office to meet at, and to consult of their nocturnal Intrigues. Every Swain, even from the Star and Garter to the Coffee-House Boy, might be sure of finding a Nymph in waiting at *Moll's Fair Reception House*, as she was pleas'd to term it, and the most squeamish Beau, surely, could not refuse such Dainties, and the very *sweetest* too that ever *Covent-Garden* Market afforded.

Here you might see Ladies of Pleasure, who appear'd apparelled like Persons of Quality, not at all inferior to them in Drets, attended by Fellows habited like Footmen, who were their Bullies, and wore that Disguise, the more easily to deceive the unwary Youths, who were so unhappy as to cast their Eyes upon these *deceitful Water-Wag-Tails*.

Tom King had not been but a few Years Master of this House, before a great many Gentlemen of Fashion, and some of the gayest Ladies of the Town, us'd to frequent this House every Night, or rather Morning, for Company seldom began to come in till about One or Two o'Clock.

As there were no Beds in the House, nor Room for any, (except that in which Mr. *King* and his Wife lay, in which they us'd
to

to go up a Ladder at their Bed-time, which Ladder was immediately taken away again as soon as they had entered their Apartment) so no Company could be accommodated with Lodging; they only met here, as before observed, to make Assignations, or when they were heartily drunk to stagger to some Bagnio for Quarters, which *Moll* generally us'd to recommend her Customers to, that they might (as she said) be us'd well; and a Servant with a Candle and Lanthorn was appointed to attend them; who, if he could conveniently, seldom fail'd of picking their Pocket; if the Fellow had no Opportunity so to do, the Miss generally had, and was sure never to go away empty-handed.

The People in *Covent-Garden* seeing how fast *Tom* and his Wife were getting Riches, there were several Houses set up in Opposition to him, but to no Purpose, for *Moll* was very obliging, and, when sober, behaved civil and courteous, more especially to the Gentlemen; but as to the Ladies she was never under any Pain of quarrelling with them; for she well knew, if she made the Gentlemen her Enemies, they would leave her House, and then the Misses must of Course follow them; so that such Behaviour would inevitably ruin her Trade.

She had a great many of the poor Females under her Thumb, as she term'd it, because

she lent them Money at a high Interest ; but to do her Justice, those who behaved well, and paid her honestly, never wanted a Friend ; for as she was very punctual herself, she was a great Observer of Punctuality in others ;--- but notwithstanding her Temper, we do not find that she ever put any one in Prison, unless they used her very ill.

Abundance of the poor Sort of Market People in the Neighbourhood, she lent Money to at the Rate of Two Shillings or Half a Crown in the Pound ; but the Town Misses were obliged to pay dearer, for she made a great Distinction between Industry and Vice ; for she was a Woman well acquainted with the World, both in low and genteel Life, had not her love of Wealth led her on to do such Things as were highly inconsistent with Morality, and very unbecoming her Sex.

The House became so very famous for nightly Revels, and for Company of all Sorts, that it got the Name of a College, and it was frequent amongst the Players, and witty Beaux to accost each other, with, *Are you for King's College to Night, to have a Dish of Flash with Moll ?*

This *Flash*, as it is called, is talking in *Cant Terms*, very much us'd among Rakes and Town Ladies, and can scarcely be understood but by those that are acquainted with it.

This

This *Lingua* was very much in Vogue at *King's* Coffee-House, the better to conceal what was intended by those who spoke it.

About 15 Years ago, there was a Dialogue printed in the Cant Language, and intituled, *The Humours of the Flasby Boys at Moll King's*; and as it is now out of Print, and not to be had, we shall give it here as a Specimen of the great Politeness of these sort of Gentry. It is supposed to be spoken by Mrs. *King*, and one of her best Customers, before her House was frequented by People of Fashion. The Party who begins the Flash after Supper calls to know his Reckoning, and is supposed to have been *Moytben*, who was stabb'd some Time ago by *Dick Hodges*, the Distiller.

Harry. To pay, *Moll*, for I must hike.

Moll. Did you call me, Master?

Harry. Ay, to pay, in a Whiff.

Moll. Let me see! There's a Grunter's Gig, is a Si-Buxom; two Cat's Heads, a Win; a Double Gage of Rum Slobber, is Thrums; and a Quartern of Max, is three Megs:— That makes a Traveller all but a Meg.

Harry. Here, take your Traveller, and tip the Meg to the Kinchin.—But *Moll*, does *Jack* dols in your Pad now?

Moll. What *Jack* do you mean?

Harry. Why, *Jack* that gave you the little brindle Bull Puppy.

Moll. He dofs in a Pad of mine ! No, Boy, if I was to grapple him, he muft shiver his Trotters at Bilby's Ball.

Harry. But who had you in your Ken laft Darkee ?

Moll. We had your Dudders and your Duffers, Files, Buffers, and Slangers ; we had ne'er a Queer Cull, a Buttock, or Porpus, amongst them, but all as Rum and as Quiddish as ever *Jonathan* sent to be great Merchants in *Virginia*.

Harry. But *Moll*, don't puff :—You muft tip me your Clout before I derrick, for my Blofs has nailed me of mine ; but I fhall catch her at *Maddox's* Gin-Ken, fluicing her Gob by the Tinney ; and if ſhe has morric'd it, Knocks and Socks, Thumps and Plumps, fhall attend the Froe-File Buttocking B—h.

Moll. I heard ſhe made a Fam To-night, a Rum one, with Dainty Dafies, of a Flat from T'other Side ; ſhe flaſh'd half a Slat, a Bull's-Eye, and ſome other rum Slangs.

Harry. I'll derrick, my Blood, if I tout my Mort, I'll tip her a Snitch about the Peeps and Naſous. I fhall ſee my jolly old Codger by the Tinney-side, I ſuppoſe with his Day-Lights dim, and his Trotters ſhivering under him.—As *Oliver* wheedles, I'll not touch this Darkee, I'll nap the Pad, and ſee you in the Morning.

This

This was Part of the Cant that the Gentry of *King's College* were mighty fond of ; and which too many People now scandalously affect to practice ; but by Persons of Modesty and Understanding, those that are so ridiculous as to use it, are looked upon not to be very well bred : It is not a Man's Apparel or well furnished Pocket that proclaim him a fit Member for a sober Company, but his Discourse and Behaviour ; for it is notorious enough that we daily see Highwaymen, House-breakers, Pickpockets, Money-Droppers, &c. who make the Appearance of Gentlemen, and gild their Vices with a gaudy Coat, that they may be the less suspected.

We shall now proceed on our Narrative, and tell what further happened to the Master and Mistress of this extraordinary Coffee-House. The Money flowing in so fast upon them, *Tom*, with the Consent of his beloved Helpmate, purchased an Estate near *Hampstead*, at a Place known by the Name of *Tavistock-Hill*, and on a Piece of Ground fit for the Purpose, he built a very genteel Country-House, and was determined to make as great a Figure as most of the Mercers in *Covent-Garden*, often declaring that he got his Money more honestly than any of them.

This rural Retirement was the Place where *Tom* ended his Days, a few Years ago ; for having greatly impaired his Health by Drinking,

Moll. He dofs in a Pad of mine ! No, Boy, if I was to grapple him, he muft shiver his Trotters at Bilby's Ball.

Harry. But who had you in your Ken laft Darkee ?

Moll. We had your Dudders and your Duffers, Files, Buffers, and Slangers ; we had ne'er a Queer Cull, a Buttock, or Porpus, amongst them, but all as Rum and as Quiddish as ever *Jonathan* sent to be great Merchants in *Virginia*.

Harry. But *Moll*, don't puff :—You muft tip me your Clout before I derrick, for my Blofs has nailed me of mine ; but I fhall catch her at *Maddox's* Gin-Ken, fluicing her Gob by the Tinney ; and if ſhe has morric'd it, Knocks and Socks, Thumps and Plumps, fhall attend the Free-File Buttocking B—h.

Moll. I heard ſhe made a Fam To-night, a Rum one, with Dainty Dafies, of a Flat from T'other Side ; ſhe flaſh'd half a Slat, a Bull's-Eye, and ſome other rum Slangs.

Harry. I'll derrick, my Blood, if I tout my Mort, I'll tip her a Snitch about the Peeps and Nafous. I fhall ſee my jolly old Codger by the Tinney-side, I ſuppoſe with his Day-Lights dim, and his Trotters ſhivering under him.—As *Oliver* wheedles, I'll not touch this Darkee, I'll nap the Pad, and ſee you in the Morning.

This

This was Part of the Cant that the Gentry of *King's College* were mighty fond of ; and which too many People now scandalously affect to practice ; but by Persons of Modesty and Understanding, those that are so ridiculous as to use it, are looked upon not to be very well bred : It is not a Man's Apparel or well furnished Pocket that proclaim him a fit Member for a sober Company, but his Discourse and Behaviour ; for it is notorious enough that we daily see Highwaymen, House-breakers, Pickpockets, Money-Droppers, &c. who make the Appearance of Gentlemen, and gild their Vices with a gaudy Coat, that they may be the less suspected.

We shall now proceed on our Narrative, and tell what further happened to the Master and Mistress of this extraordinary Coffee-House. The Money flowing in so fast upon them, *Tom*, with the Consent of his beloved Help-mate, purchased an Estate near *Hampstead*, at a Place known by the Name of *Tavistock-Hill*, and on a Piece of Ground fit for the Purpose, he built a very genteel Country-House, and was determined to make as great a Figure as most of the Mercers in *Covent-Garden*, often declaring that he got his Money more honestly than any of them.

This rural Retirement was the Place where *Tom* ended his Days, a few Years ago ; for having greatly impaired his Health by Drinking,

ing, and other Vices, he was obliged to be pretty much in the Country. His Spoule was quite of another Way of Thinking; she was an utter Enemy to Retirement, getting Money was all that she aim'd at, for said she, *I love to be in Town, because I shall see what my pretty Birds* (meaning her Customers) *are doing.*

One Day some young Gentlemen riding out towards *Hampstead* for the Air, as *Moll* was looking out of her Window, one of them said, loud enough to be heard by her, *Look yonder, there's Moll King's Folly*; she immediately reply'd, *No, ye Bantling, it's your Folly, and some more Jack-an-Apes as silly as yourself; for you know Fool's Pence flew fast enough about, and they help'd to build it.* This caus'd a merry Laughter among the Company and the young Spark was the Jest of his Comrades for some Time after; he being a Person remarkably fond of acting a Part in a Night-Scene.

Some Time after the Decease of Mr. King, his Spoule got into a great many different Quarrels, which cost her pretty handsome Sums of Money: Amongst others, she had an Information filed against her in the Crown Office, and an Indictment preferred against her in *Middlesex*, for violently assaulting and beating a young Gentleman in her own House, which Indictment she removed from *Hick's-Hall*

Hall into the Court of *King's-Bench* by *Certiorari*, thinking to evade the Punishment due to her Crime, on a Presumption that her Prosecutor would not follow her, on Account of the great Expences that generally attend such Suits; but in this she was greatly mistaken. For the Affair was prosecuted, and brought to a Trial before a Jury of the County, who, notwithstanding the Testimonies of all the Witnesses that she called to set aside the Evidence that had been given against her on the Part of the King, she was found guilty, and gave fresh Bail for her Appearance on the first Day of the next Term, when she was called on to receive Judgment on her Conviction, and the Persons who were her Bail delivering her into Court, her Sentence was, to pay a Fine of Two Hundred Pounds, to find Sureties for her good Behaviour for a Year, and to be committed to the Prison of the *King's-Bench* until the said Fine was paid, and Securities given as aforesaid.

As she always had a natural Aversion to part with Money, especially on such an Affair as this, she suffered herself to go to Prison, and said if she was to pay Two Hundred Pounds to all the insolent Boys she had thrash'd for their Impudence, the Bank of *England* would be unable to furnish her with the Cash.

The Offence being committed within the
City

City and Liberties of *Westminster*, the Fine was the Property of the then High Bailiff, who well knowing she had Substance sufficient to pay it, would by no Means at first mitigate the Sum, so that she remained in Goal some Time before she consented to discharge the Fine, and 'tis said that the High-Bailiff compounded with her for less than Half the Sum she was mulcted.—— Thus she obtained her Enlargement, and returned to her *lucky Office* in *Covent-Garden*, where, notwithstanding her Absence, her Business was transacted to her Satisfaction, and Fool's Pence were pouring in upon her from every Quarter.

Her Confinement in Prison cost her a very Trifle, for she had Visitors enow, of both Sexes, who spent their Money liberally enough which made her quite easy under her Circumstances.

Upwards of twenty Indictments were soon after prefer'd against her before the Grand Jury at Westminster-Hall for keeping a disorderly, ill-govern'd House, but very few of them were found, because it appeared to the Inquest, that she had no Beds in the said House, and that the Parties who had indicted her had none of the best of Characters, so that she extricated herself from these new Difficulties with very little Expence.

Seldom a Day pass'd, but some Warrant
or

or other was serv'd upon her: Sir *John Gense* was indefatigable in paying her nocturnal Visits, but she generally found out some way or other to pacify both him and his Mirmidons.

Being once summon'd before the Bench of Justices, sitting at *Covent Garden Vestry*, and examined as to the Irregularity of her House, she had the Assurance to tell their Worships, that all the Complaints against her were without Foundation, and that her House was under better Government than any one in the Parish, as they would find, if they would do her the Honour of paying her a Visit. The Colonel insisted on having her bound over to the Sessions, and ordered the Cryer to call for the Persons who had made Information against her, which was accordingly done, but none of them appear'd! on which she told the Bench, they might very easily see through the Malice of her Enemies, who were ashamed to look her in the Face: — At the same Time she having taken Care to bribe them to keep out of the Way; And then she us'd to say, *that she had bubbled the Bench.*

It is not at all surprizing how this Woman escap'd Punishment so often, when we consider, that all the Wealth of the Bagnio-Keepers or the Bawds, about *Covent-Garden*, and indeed 'all *Westminster*, could not subdue her:

C

Their

Their Women Lodgers were always on her Side, because she used to protect and defend them against the Insults of those vile Harpies.

The famous, or rather infamous, Mother Haywood, well known in Covent Garden, but lately deceased, used very often in the Night Time, to pay Moll a Visit, but her chief Errand was to look after her Girls, who us'd frequently to desert to this House for a *Regale*, as they called it, and leave the old Beldrum by herself to hunt for Wenches for her Customers. As these two old Sinners were implacable Enemies, nothing was so agreeable to the Company in Moll's House as to hear their Quarrels and Bickerings. Moll would tell her, how she frequently ordered her Servants, when a Gentleman was in Liquor, to bring two or three Dozen of broken China Punch-Bowls, and present them to his View, when he arose in the Morning; swearing, that he had broken them all the Over-Night; at the same Time calling before him one or two of her Waiters with Bruises and black Eyes, vowing that the Gentleman in his Liquor had beat them so unmercifully, that he did not expect their Lives. The Gentleman greatly surpriz'd, would naturally ask, who he had brought in the House with him? The Reply was, that he had brought a dirty Creature dead, drunk, whom they had turn'd out for fear she should rob him.

him. This was all a Finesse, the better to colour their Villainy: The Gentleman was robb'd, and had perhaps 20 l. to pay for Rack Punch, besides the Charge of the broken Bowls, and something for the Servants whom he had beaten. The Gentleman having no Money, was obliged to give his Note, perhaps, for 40 l. for which he never had 40 Pence, and so got himself arrested the next Day, or sometimes before he went out of the House, and if he could not find either Money or Friends, all that was further to be done, the Bailiff convey'd him to Gaol till he gave Bail, or paid the Debt.

As none of these old Bawds or their Adherents, were a Match for Mrs. King, they have not for some Years past, dar'd to enter her House, because they not only betrayed their Ignorance, in not being able to dispute with her, but exposed themselves greatly to the Insults of Gentlemen, who there publicly heard all the villainous Schemes of Extortion and Imposition which they practic'd, and which greatly intimidated Men from going into such Houses; for *Moll* us'd to say, *If she flung her Customers now-and-then herself, she was not willing any body else should fling them.*

One *H^{addoc} k*, a noted Bagnio-Keeper, never was so well match'd, as when attack'd by this Virago; She was well acquainted

with his Tricks, and told him of all the Slaveries he impos'd on unhappy Women, by taking Coffee-Houses, and putting them into them as Mistresses, for which they paid sometimes three Guineas a Week, but seldom less than two; and if they could not make good their Payments, the *Marshalsea* Prison was their next Quarters. If he lent them a few Sconces, some Decanters, two or three broken back'd Chairs, and an old Bed or two, not all perhaps worth 10 l. they must give him a Note for 40 l. payable on Demand, and if they did not behave to his Liking, the Note was put in Force against them, and a Prison was sure to be their Portion.

Of all the Fellows of this Sort, that live by unhappy Women, she us'd to say, none was more cruel and merciless, than one they call *Drury-Lane Populus*, (or by some better known by the Name of the *Covent-Garden Porpus*) an odd Creature of the *Bum* Order, remarkable for shaking his Head; tho', said she, there is *Nothing* in it. This Fellow much dreading the Sight of *Lucifer*, is now so religious as to go to Church, but it's thought, by all his Acquaintance, that it is not so much for the Sake of his Soul's Welfare, as to shew his fine Cloaths and his Diamond Rings, obtain'd by Rapine, Plunder, and at the Expence of the Lives of many poor unfortunate Women. This Fellow,
with

with his *wagging Nod*, it's hop'd, will, some Time or other, die of a Suffocation in the Road to *Paddington*; tho' he has had, for several Years past, a great Aversion to riding on the other Side of *Tyburn Turnpike*, because his Horse once happened to throw him just underneath the Gallows. — He that has been twice in *Newgate*, may very probably come there a third Time; and if he should be doom'd to the Gallows, he has only the Consolation of riding thither in a Coach.

Then there's a *great* Brandy-Merchant, who was, for his much greater Skill in *Rapping*, before he was properly instructed, made Overseer of the Mob in *Kingston Market Place*. This was a Chap whom *Moll* never lik'd. She said, that he had liv'd long by Oppression and Villainy; and that if he had a keen Head to put the Dictates of his wicked Heart into Execution, there would not be a more dangerous Fellow in the four Quarters of the World: This *honest* Man, said she, will go thro' *Thick and Thin*.

As no body was better acquainted with these Sort of Gentry, so no one could give a better Account of them; she knew them personally, and could repeat the Tricks of almost every one, even from the furthest Part of *Tothil-Fields* to *Limehouse-Hole*, but to describe them in this small Tract, would be impossible, tho' it is intended to write a small

Volume of them, that all Persons may be guarded against their nefarious Practices.

She had no more than two Husbands, viz. Mr. *King*, and Mr. *Hoff*, the latter of whom married her, in hopes of having the Fingering of her Cash, but in this he found himself mistaken, for she had taken Care to make a Widow's Will to her Son, who is a very hopeful young Fellow, and on whom she bestowed a liberal Education at *Eton School*.

For some Years past Mrs. *King* (for this was the Name she always went by) has been in a bad State of Health, so that she was obliged to retire to *Hampstead*, where she departed this Life on *Thursday* the 17th of *September*; and the following Epitaph and Elegy were wrote by one of her favourite Customers.



The E P I T A P H.

Here lies my Love, who often drove,
Wheelbarrows in the Street;
From which low State; to Billingsgate,
With Wickedness replete.
She sold a Dish, of Stinking Fish,
With Oaths and Imprecations;
And swore her Ware, was better Far,
Than any in the Nation,
From thence she came to be in Fame,
Among the Rogues and Whores;
But now she's gone to her long home,
To settle all her Scores.

The E L E G Y.

How vain the State of a bad Woman,
 How frail her Being, fleet her Breath;
 Her Life but one contracted Span,
 At best Uncertain sure her Death.
 Tho' strong her Make, her Mind at Ease,
 As if no Ill could her annoy;
 Some latent Seeds of dire Disease.
 Doth quickly her fair Frame destroy.
 Pleased with the Love of female Friend,
 We think the Bliss will still remain;
 Her sudden unexpected End,
 Proves all our pleasing hopes are vain.
 In the lov'd *Moll* were lately seen,
 This Case tho' common verified;
 One Instance more to us thou'lt been,
 That nothing here can long abide.
 Thy Constitution strong and sound,
 Foreboded Years of Life and Health;
 But soon received its mortal Wound,
 Thy Strength availed not in thy Wealth.
 One Week we saw thee Blith and Gay,
 Who in the Night, us Spirits gave;
 The Next a lifeless Lump of Clay.



A KEY to the *Flask Dialogue*.

To hike, is, To go home. — *A Grunter's*
Gig, a Hog's Cheek. — *Si-Buxom*, Six-pence.
 — *A Cat's Head*, a Half-penny Rowl. — *A*
Whyn, a Penny. — *A Gage of Rum Slobber*,
 a Pot of Porter. — *Thrums*, Three-pence.
 Max.

— *Max*. Geneva. — *Meg*, a Half-penny. — *A Traveller*, a Shilling. — *Kinchin*, a little Child. — *Doss*, to sleep. — *Pad*, a Bed. — *Grapple*, to lay hold on. — *Trotters*, Legs. *Bilby's Ball*, Tyburn-House. — *Ken*, a House. — *Darkee*, the Night. — *Dudders*, Fellows that sell Spital-fields Handkerchiefs for India ones. — *Duffers*, Those who sell British Spirituous Liquors for Foreign. — *Files*, Pick-pockets. — *Buffers*, Affidavit-Men. — *Slangers* Thieves who hand Goods from one to the other, after they are stole. — *A Buttock*, a Whore. — *Porpus*, an ignorant swaggering Fellow. — *Rum* or *Quiddish*, Good-natur'd. — *To puff*, to impeach. — *Clout*, a Handkerchief. — *Derrick*, to go away. — *Sluicing her Gob*, wetting her Mouth, or drinking. — *Tinney*, the Fire. — *Froe-File-Buttock*, a Woman Pick-pocket — *A Fam*, a Ring. — *Dasies*, Diamonds. — *T'other Side*, Southwark. — *Half a Slat*, 10 s. 6 d. — *Bull's Eye*, 5 s. — *To tout the Mort*, to find out the Woman. — *Snitch about the Peeps and Nasous*, a Fillip on the Nose and Eyes. — *Old Codger*, an old Man. — *Day-lights*, Eyes. — *Oliver wheedles*, the Moon shines. — *To nap the Pad*, to go to Bed. —

F I N I S



